

# CRACKAJACK

10¢

JULY  
No. 37

FEATURING THE

OWL

ELLERY QUEEN  
FLYING FORTRESS  
AND MANY OTHERS

New!

CYCLONE  
and MIDGE



**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



# BOYS! GIRLS!

## SO EASY TO GET EXCITING THINGS

# FREE

WITH GUARANTEE SEALS FROM  
THE NEW QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT  
AND RICE "SPARKIES"

Yes, you can get any, or all, of these wonderful things by just sending GUARANTEE SEALS, from the package tops of new Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice "Sparkies," to: **LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE**, Box L, Dept. 51, Chicago, Illinois. Be sure to put enough postage on your envelope. Tear out the coupon now and send your GUARANTEE SEALS today!



## LOOK!

### Magic-Secret DETECTO-KIT

Make Secret Messages in Invisible Writing! Detect Fingerprints! Make Real Pictures from Old Snapshot Negatives! Learn Many Detecting Secrets!

Big complete outfit consists of Secret Formula 3-10, enough to print 144 photos from old negatives of your family, friends and pets. Secret Detecting Instruction Book. Stylus for Secret Writing. Package of Hypo-Fixative. Special printing glass. Set of 4 printing frames (3 different shapes and 1 plain, so you can cut it to suit yourself). Blotting pad. (Be careful not to spill formula 3-10 on the rug or it will stain.)

Send 2 Guarantee Seals and 15c or 6 Guarantee Seals Alone

### "Little Wonder"



### FLASHLIGHT

Only 3 in., long, yet casts bright beam a long way. Use for hiking, night signalling, etc. Colored metal, with silver and black bands, white head.

Send 2 Guarantee Seals and 15c or 6 Guarantee Seals Alone

## MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE, Box L, Dept. 51, Chicago, Ill.  
Dear Annie: Please send me the things checked below, for which I enclose..... Guarantee Seals from the new Quaker Puffed Wheat and Rice, or..... Seals and..... in coin.  
☐ Detecto-Kit, 6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)  
☐ Magnifying Ring, 5 Seals (or 2 Seals and 10c)  
☐ Unisex Camera, 12 Seals (or 2 Seals and 25c)  
☐ Flashlight, 6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)  
☐ Telescope, 10 Seals (or 2 Seals and 20c)

Name.....

Street and No.....

City..... State.....



### MYSTERIOUS MAGNIFYING RING

Heavy gold-color metal with intricate designs. On the top, a picture of Orphan Annie sparkles brightly! And here is a magnifying glass! It swings away from the top and you use it to examine secret messages, read small printing, etc. Ring fits you automatically.

Send a Guarantee Seal and 15c or 5 Guarantee Seals Alone



### GENUINE UNIVEX SNAPSHOT CAMERA

Takes real pictures of your family, friends, pets, etc., on size 00 Ultrachrome film you get from the drugstore. Takes long shots or close-ups either horizontal or vertical. Easy to use. Just the thing to use in taking pictures of parties, races, down on the beach, etc.

Boys and girls will use it for making picture-records of friends, etc.

Send 2 Guarantee Seals and 25c or 12 Guarantee Seals Alone

### 3-POWER Leatherette FOCUSING TELESCOPE

Not a toy—but a genuine focusing pocket-size collapsible telescope, with ground and polished lenses! Great 3-power magnification—brings faraway objects closer to you. Barrel covered with rich grain leatherette.



Fits in Your Pocket!

Send 2 Guarantee Seals and 20c or 10 Guarantee Seals Alone

### "Sparkies" Give Vitamin Bonus to Boys and Girls

A new wonder process, "Vitamin Bait," actually showers vitamins B<sub>1</sub>, D and G on new Quaker Puffed Wheat and Rice "Sparkies"! With the additional vitamin in your glass of milk and fruit, you then get almost half your minimum daily needs of vitamins A, B<sub>1</sub>, C, D and G! The vitamins fellows and girls need here to be strong, fast and peppy! So ask your Mother to get "Sparkies" today.

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CRACKAJACK FUNNIES, Vol. 1, No. 37, July, 1941. Published monthly and copyright 1941 by K. K. Publications, Inc., at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 12 issues in U. S. and all its possessions and also Canada, \$1.25 per year. Elsewhere, \$2.00 per year. Single copies, 10 cents. Entered as second-class matter May 6, 1938, at the Post Office, at Poughkeepsie, New York under the act of March 3, 1879. Printed in U. S. A.

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by  
Frank  
Howard

**H**AVING SUCCESSFULLY WON THE CONFIDENCE OF THE SPECTRE, WHO THINKS SHE IS THE Owl, AND GAINED ADMITTANCE TO THE SPECTRE'S SABOTAGE RING, BELLE WAYNE AWAITS THE COMING OF THE REAL Owl (NICK TERRY) AT MIDNIGHT!



TELL ME, S-22 — ARE YOU THE ONLY GIRL MEMBER OF SPECTRE'S ORGANIZATION? — WHAT IS YOUR REAL NAME? — WAS THIS FLYING SCHOOL ALWAYS YOUR HEADQUARTERS?



I AM TOO TIRED TO ANSWER STUPID QUESTIONS, NOSEY OWL! — BESIDES, I DO NOT TRUST YOU, AND I AM LETTING YOU SHARE MY QUARTERS ONLY BECAUSE THE SPECTRE HAS ORDERED ME TO DO SO!!

I'M SORRY, S-22 —! — BUT JUST ONE THING — SINCE NO PERSON HAS EVER SEEN THE SPECTRE'S FACE — HAVE YOU NOT OFTEN BEEN TEMPTED TO PEEK UNDER HIS HOOD — SAY — WHILE HE IS ASLEEP?

YOU ARE INDEED A DUNCE, OWL! — THE SPECTRE NEVER SLEEPS — NEVER IN TWENTY YEARS HAS HE RESTED OR PAUSED IN HIS STRUGGLE TO BECOME MASTER OF THE WORLD!! — HOWEVER, I AM NOT THUS GIFTED, SO STOP YOUR CHATTER AND LET ME SLEEP!



— HASN'T SLEPT IN TWENTY YEARS! — WHAT MATTER OF MAN IS HE? — WE'LL FIND OUT WHEN THE OWL ARRIVES! — GOOD OL' NICK! — HOW I LOVE TO WATCH THAT BIG FELLOW SWING INTO ACTION!







-YOU SAY SHE DRESSED AND LEFT YOUR QUARTERS??-H-MM!  
-YES-YES, IF SHE COMES HERE I\'LL BE READY FOR HER-!!  
-THANK YOU, S-22!

**H**ER CURIOSITY HAVING GOTTEN THE BETTER OF HER, BELLE MOVES CAUTIOUSLY TOWARD THE SPECTRE\'S SUITE!!

WHEW!-THAT WAS A NARROW SQUEAK!-ONE OF SPECTRE\'S DEATH\'S-HEAD GUNMEN PATROLING HIS NIGHT WATCH!

MADE IT!-THE DOOR IS UNLOCKED, TOO!!  
-MAYBE I-I SHOULD GO B-BACK-NO!-THE SPECTRE MUST HAVE A FACE, AND I\'M GOING TO BE THE FIRST TO SEE IT!

THERE HE IS!-WHAT A BREAK!-ALL I HAVE TO DO IS TIPTOE UP-REACH OVER THE CHAIR-AND SNATCH BACK HIS HOOD!!





FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS, I HAVE BEEN JUST A HOODED FIGURE WITH NOTHING TO LIVE FOR BUT POWER AND REVENGE — REVENGE ON AMERICA! — GUARD!



THE OWL HAS BETRAYED OUR TRUST-TAKE HER TO THE DUNGEON AND ARRANGE HER EXECUTION AT DAWN!



•AND HIGH ABOVE THE FLYING FIELD, CIRCLES THE OWLPLANE!



THERE'S HANGAR 13! — MUST LAND QUIETLY!



# THE OWL

THE SPEEDY SHIP AND ITS  
FAMED PILOT AIGHT !!



SILENTLY, THE OWL  
PLUMMETS DOWN-  
WARD !!

THIS IS CALLED THE  
NUTCRACKER SWEET!



THAT'S TWO ACCOUNTED  
FOR! - THE CABIN OF  
THIS TRANSPORT WILL  
BE A GOOD PLACE TO  
KEEP THE CASUALTIES -  
- THEY'RE UABLE TO  
MOUNT UP BEFORE  
THE EVENING IS OVER!



I AM NERVOUS TONIGHT,  
- EVERY LITTLE SOUND  
STARTLES ME !!



SHIFTING TO THE  
SPECTRE'S SUITE -

TRICKED BY A GIRL!  
- BUT I SHALL HAVE THE  
LAST LAUGH - AS USUAL!  
- THE OWL HAS BEEN  
GREATLY OVERRATED -



MAKE NO OUTCRY UNLESS  
YOU WANT A BROKEN  
BACK!! - WHEN I  
RELEASE YOU -  
- TALK QUIETLY!



# THE OWL



QUICKLY—WHERE IS THE GIRL??  
—THE BLONDE ONE IN COSTUME?

I SEEM TO HAVE MADE MANY MISTAKES— BUT I SHALL MAKE NO MORE!!



YOU SHOULD KNOW, BY NOW, THAT THE OWL HATES THE SIGHT OF GUNS!!



—NOTHING CAN MAKE ME GIVE YOU THAT INFORMATION— PUT UP YOUR HANDS—MISTER GENUINE OWL!



OUT COLD!—NOW WE'LL SEE WHO HE IS—  
—OOF!—WHAT A GHASTLY WRECK OF A FACE!—LOOKS LIKE A WAR VICTIM!—I HOPE BELLE DIDN'T—SEE IT!!



THIS MAN IS TOO VALUABLE TO LEAVE LYING AROUND—LET'S SEE WHAT THERE IS IN THE BASEMENT!

—TORPEDOES—  
—FOR THE SUBMARINE!  
—I'LL TAKE ONE ALONG—IT MAY BE USEFUL!



—THIS MUST BE THEIR PAINT SHOP!



I CAN USE A CAN OF THIS LUMINOUS PAINT FOR—HMM!—HERE'S A HIDDEN WALL CRANK!



—IT TURNS—NOW WHAT HAPPENS?!



# THE OWL

**S**LOWLY THE STONE WALL SWINGS OUT!!



**A**ND CHAINED TO ITS OPPOSITE SIDE —



**Q**UICKLY, THE OWL STRIKES IN EVERY NOOK AND CORNER OF THE HUGE HANGAR!



**T**HE OWL RETURNS TO BELLE WITH HIS VICTIMS !!

QUITE A LOAD, HEY? — THIS ACCOUNTS FOR ALL THE RINGLEADERS EXCEPT THE GIRL, S-22 — SHE CHOSE SUICIDE RATHER THAN CAPTURE!



-IN THEY GO — WITH THE OTHERS! — NOW I'M GOING TO ROLL OUT THIS TRANSPORT, BELLE, AND YOU'RE GOING TO FLY IT!



## THE OWL

-PRETTY BIG SHIP—  
-THINK YOU CAN GET  
HER INTO THE AIR?—  
-ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT!  
DON'T GET MAD!—NOW  
LISTEN—CIRCLE UNTIL  
YOU SEE HANGAR 13  
IN FLAMES—THEN LAND!  
-BUT SOON AS YOU LAND,  
LEAVE THE  
SHIP AND  
GET OUT OF  
SIGHT!—OK?



-MADE IT!  
-LUCK TO YOU,  
BABY!

-LET'S GO, SPECTRE!!—  
-THE OWLPLANE IS  
WAITING FOR US!!



THAT LOOKS SHIP-SHAPE!!—  
NOW COMES THE TIME TO USE  
THE LUMINOUS PAINT!



THE OWL LEAPS TO THE ROOF OF HANGAR 13!

THIS LUMINOUS  
PAINT WILL  
FURNISH ME  
WITH A BULL'S-  
EYE TARGET!



-THAT'S DONE!—AND SPECTRE  
IS STILL UNCONSCIOUS!—GOOD!  
-THE TIME HAS COME FOR THE  
TAKE-OFF AND FINAL  
CHAPTER!



THE TORPEDO SPEEDS TRUE TO ITS MARK!

GAINING ALTITUDE, THE OWLPLANE CIRCLES  
TWICE OVER HANGAR 13—SUDDENLY—

-CUT THE  
ROPE'S AND  
DOWN SHE  
GOES!



# THE OWL

AT A NEAR-BY FARM HOUSE, OCCUPANTS ARE THROWN FROM THEIR BEDS BY THE CONCUSSION!

POLICE!-FIRE!-BIG EXPLOSION AT ACE AIRPORT- HURRY!



POLICE, FIREMEN AND OTHER CITY OFFICIALS SOON ARRIVE AT THE SCENE!

-WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS, CHIEF?

I DUNNO-LOOK! -A TRANSPORT COMING IN- C'MON! WE'LL CHECK ON 'ER!



I'VE DONE M' DUTY-  
-NOW ME FOR THE WOODS!

THE CABIN IS FULL OF DEAD MEN!-NO-THEY'RE JUST UNCONSCIOUS!

CHIEF!-LOOK UP THERE!!  
-A PARA-CHUTE!

WHAT TH-!!  
THE PILOT'S GONE!



HE'S ALIVE -B-BUT LOOK AT HIS FACE!

HEY!-IT'S THE SPECTRE!  
-THE F.B.I. HAS BEEN LOOKIN' FOR HIM FOR A YEAR !!.

THERE'S A NOTE PINNED ON HIM!

WHAT DOES THE NOTE SAY, CHIEF?



THE OWL AGAIN-!!  
-WHY-OH-WHY WAS I EVER BORN!?



-CONTINUED-





# CYCLONE



CYCLONE, THE FAMOUS WESTERN STUNT RIDER, AND HIS TINY CIRCUS PARTNER, MIDGE, HAVE TRAILED ADVENTURE TO THE EARTH'S FARTHEST CORNERS. TROUBLE--AND A COURAGEOUS GIRL NAMED SANDY WATERS--TAG THEM LIKE THEIR OWN SHADOWS. CYCLONE AND MIDGE ARE A HARD COMBINATION TO BEAT, HOWEVER. YOU'LL SEE WHY!



# CYCLONE



# CYCLONE

STUBBORNLY CYCLONE  
FIGHTS THE DRUG  
THAT IS PARALYZING  
HIS BRAIN



BETTER MAKE  
SURE OF THE  
BIG LAD FIRST!



SO YOU DOPED  
THE WATER.  
YOU GAVE US,  
YOU LOW  
DOWN SCUM!

! I SHOULD HAVE SLAMMED  
YOU WHEN I HAD THE  
CHANCE!

! IF YOU  
LEAVE US  
LIKE THIS,  
YOU'RE A  
MURDERER!



AS THE DRUG WEARS  
OFF, THE THREE FRIENDS  
FIND THEMSELVES HELPLESS

MAYBE THE MOUNTED POLICE WILL  
FIND WHAT'S LEFT OF YOU...  
THEY'RE ON  
MY TRAIL!



BYE-BYE,  
MY FRIENDS,  
AND THANKS  
FOR  
EVERYTHING

YOU HAVEN'T GOT  
AWAY WITH IT  
YET!



AT THE FAMILIAR SIGNAL,  
CAUCO BECOMES A BUCKING,  
SCREAMING WHIRLWIND  
ON HOOF!



FROM CYCLONE'S  
LIPS SOUNDS A  
PIERCING WHISTLE



# CYCLONE





# CYCLONE



# CYCLONE



# CYCLONE



# CYCLONE





# CYCLONE

SEEING CYCLONE AND SANDY FREE, THE CHIEF ORDERS THE MOB TO RUSH THEM.

KILL! KILL!



FEARING TO CHARGE, THE SAVAGES HURL THEIR WEAPONS.

DOWN, SANDY--- MIDGE!

HELP! CUT ME LOOSE TOO!



THE NEAREST ABOS ARE MOWED DOWN.



JUMP YOU LONG LEGGED BABOON!

EMPTY CE BULLETS, CYCLONE'S GUNS BECOME DEADLY CLIPS.

RUN! WHITE MAN KILL US ALL!



SEIZING FALLEN SPEARS, MIDGE AND SANDY JOIN THE FIGHT.

# CYCLONE



# CYCLONE



# CYCLONE







# THE CRUSOES



QUICKLY PAUL AND ANDY TELL  
HOW THEY WERE SWEPT OUT TO  
SEA BY THE STORM, CAPTURED BY  
A RAIDING PARTY OF NATIVES  
RETURNING FROM A LOOTING  
EXPEDITION ACROSS THE SEA,  
AND FINALLY OF THEIR DARING  
ESCAPE, DISGUISED AS NATIVE  
PRIESTS...



# THE CRUSOES

DAD! VULTURES UP  
AHEAD!... SOMETHING'S  
HAPPENING!

COME ON! LET'S  
HURRY... AT LAST WE'RE  
GETTING INTO  
THE OPEN!



EASY, SON... I HEAR  
SOMETHING...

IT'S JUST IN FRONT  
A BIT...



GET BACK,  
DAD... TIGER!



THE TIGER ATTACKS...



...PAUL TRIPS OVER A ROCK  
AND PLUNGES HEAD-  
LONG TO THE  
GROUND!



JOHN RAISES HIS GUN AND AIMS BETWEEN THE BEAST'S EYES. HE  
HOLDS HIS FIRE, HOWEVER, AFRAID THAT THE BULLET MIGHT  
HIT PAUL...



PAUL'S PLAYING DEAD...  
THE TIGER'S PUZZLED... NOW'S MY  
CHANCE TO PLUG HIM!



HOPE DAD GOT  
HIM BETWEEN THE  
EYES OR THIS IS MY  
FUNERAL!

zzz-IP

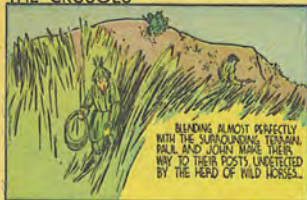


# THE CRUSOES





# THE CRUSOES



# THE CRUSOES



# THE CRUSOES

LOOK, DAD...THERE'S A NARROW GULLEY...WE CAN FENCE OFF THE BACK AND BUILD A SWING GATE AT THE ENTRANCE!

PERFECT!! LET'S GET STARTED!



SOON THE BACK FENCE FOR THE MAKE-SHIFT CORRAL IS FINISHED...

THAT'S THE LAST RAIL IN THE FENCE.

AND A GOOD STRONG FENCE IT IS, DAD... NOW TO BUILD THE SWINGING GATE!



AN HOUR LATER THE GATE IS IN PLACE, READY FOR USE...

NOW WE'RE READY, PAUL... HOP ON YOUR HORSE AND CIRCLE AROUND THE PLATEAU...THAT WAY YOU'LL COME UP BEHIND THE HORSES!

THEN I DRIVE 'EM IN HERE AND YOU SHUT... HERE'S HOPIN'!



GOOD LUCK, PAUL... CAREFUL!



WAA-HOOO!

BANG BANG



# THE CRUSOES



WHAT'S IT DO,  
SWING THE GATE  
SUITE!

RIGHT, SON.  
WE'VE GOT  
'EM ALL!



GEE, DAD... A HERD OF OUR  
OWN HORSES! WE CAN  
START A RANCH!

MORE THAN THAT, PAUL... THIS  
LAND IS PERFECT FARM LAND...  
WE'LL BUILD A RANCH  
HOME OUT HERE  
WHERE WE CAN  
FARM AND RAISE  
LIVE-STOCK!



AFTER BREAKING IN ANOTHER  
HORSE, PAUL AND JOHN RIDE  
BACK TO THE TREE HOUSE  
TO BREAK THE  
GOOD NEWS TO  
THE FAMILY.

WE'LL BRING THE FAMILY  
BACK SO WE CAN ALL PITCH IN  
GET A CROP STARTED BEFORE  
THE SEASONS TOO  
FAR GONE!

GOSH! WILL  
THEY BE SURPRISED WHEN  
THEY LEARN WE'VE GOT  
A WHOLE HERD OF  
HORSES AND A BIG  
FARM FOR 'EM!



YIP-YIPEE!

GANG WAY...  
HERE WE  
COME!

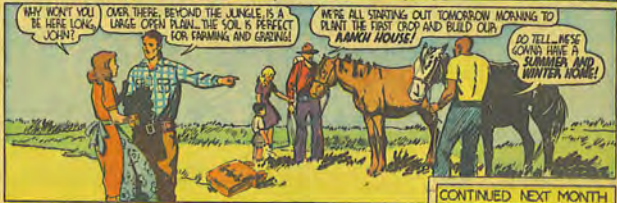


HOLD YOUR FIRE! IT'S  
IT'S... MISTUH JOHN  
AND PAUL!

LOOK! THEY'RE RIDING  
HORSES-OF ALL  
THINGS!

WE'RE  
BACK!

BUT NOT  
FOR LONG!



WHY WON'T YOU  
BE HERE LONG,  
JOHN?

OVER THERE, BEYOND THE JUNGLE, IS A  
LARGE OPEN PLAIN... THE SOIL IS PERFECT  
FOR FARMING AND GRADING!

WE'RE ALL STARTING OUT TOMORROW MORNING TO  
PLANT THE FIRST CROP AND BUILD OUR  
RANCH HOUSE!

DO TELL... WE'RE  
GONNA HAVE A  
SUMMER AND  
WINTER HOME!

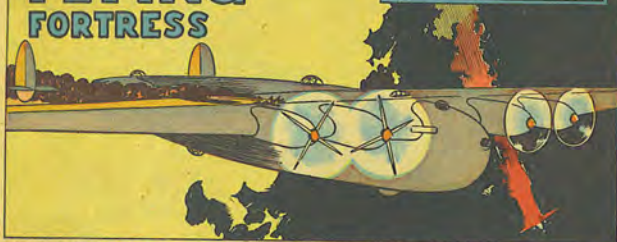
CONTINUED NEXT MONTH



# STRATOSPHERE JIM

## AND HIS FLYING FORTRESS

AFTER RESCUING THE OCCUPANTS OF A WRECKED BRITISH BOMBER, JIM DISCOVERS ONE OF THEM IS THE PRINCESS HELEN OF LATINIA, WHO IS FLEEING TO ENGLAND TO ESCAPE BEING KIDNAPPED BY THE ENEMY. -- ATTACKED CONSTANTLY BY ENEMY PLANES, THE FLYING FORTRESS IS HIT BY A BOMB ON THE RIGHT WING, AND THE TWO RIGHT MOTORS GO DEAD!! -- THEN FIRE BREAKS OUT!!



OH FINE! -- THAT'S ALL WE NEED. -- A FIRE TO KEEP US WARM!! GET THE WING FIRE-DOORS CLOSED, HARRY

I'LL TAKE CHARGE OF THE FIRE-FIGHTING, JIM. -- YOU KEEP YOUR MIND ON THE FLYING



WE'RE SLOWLY LOSING ALTITUDE WITH JUST TWO MOTORS RUNNING, BUT HELICOPTERS WILL REMEDY THAT TROUBLE. --



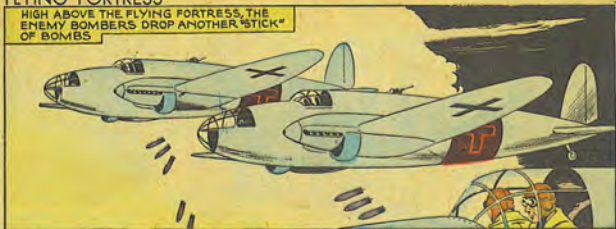
ASBESTOS-COVERED FIRE-MEN ENTER THE FLAMING ENGINE ROOM

THREE OF THE BOYS WERE KILLED BY THE BOMB, SIR!! THE REST OF US GOT OUT WHEN THE FIRE GOT OUT OF CONTROL. --



## FLYING FORTRESS

HIGH ABOVE THE FLYING FORTRESS, THE ENEMY BOMBERS DROP ANOTHER "STICK" OF BOMBS



-BUT JIM'S CONSTANT CHANGING OF COURSE MAKES THE BOMBS MISS!!



HOT DAWG...CHALK UP ONE, BOY!! WE HIT 'IM



ONE OF THE ENEMY BOMBERS FALTERS, AND DIVES OUT OF FORMATION



HELLO!! I SEEM TO HAVE BROUGHT YOU CHAPS A SPOT OF TROUBLE!!



I'M PRINCESS HELEN... THAT SHAPELESS BUNDLE YOU PULLED OUT OF THE BRITISH BOMBER



YOU STILL MAKE QUITE A BUNDLE. BUT IT ISN'T SHAPELESS NOW HAVE A SEAT--

# FLYING FORTRESS



HI-M-M... I THINK YOU  
AND I SHALL GET  
ALONG, FRIEND.  
YOUR PAL HARRY  
WANTED ME TO  
TELL YOU THE  
FIRE IS  
PRACTICALLY  
OUT



GOOD....I'M TRYING TO  
GET INTO THOSE CLOUDS  
AHEAD.... WE CAN STAY  
IN THEM BY USING OUR  
HELICOPTERS

AS THE SKY GIANT DIVES INTO  
THE SHELTER OF THE CLOUDS,  
JIM'S GUNNERS BAG ANOTHER  
BOMBER \_ \_ !!



ACH !! THAT GIANT GOES  
INTO THOSE CLOUDS  
AND DOESN'T COME OUT !!  
IT'S JUST VANISHED---

WELL, WE'RE SAFE FOR  
THE TIME BEING...NOW  
TO SEE ABOUT THOSE  
MOTORS



ONE OF THE MOTORS IS  
COMPLETELY WRECKED, JIM-  
BUT WE'LL HAVE THE OTHER  
ONE TURNING OVER SOON

WE'LL SEE IF  
WE CAN GET  
SPARE PARTS  
IN ENGLAND



# FLYING FORTRESS

A SHORT TIME LATER,  
WITH HER THREE MOTORS  
RUMBLING, THE FLYING  
FORTRESS EMERGES  
FROM THE CLOUDS---

WELL, WELL... I GUESS OUR FRIENDS,  
THE ENEMY, HAVE GONE HOME---

UNKNOWN TO JIM, HOWEVER, ENEMY  
FIGHTERS ARE PROWLING THROUGH THE  
CLOUDS, SEARCHING FOR THE SKY GIANT.  
TO CONTINUE THE FIGHT WHERE THE BOMBER'S  
LEFT OFF DUE TO LACK OF GAS---

THE CRIPPLED FLYING FORTRESS DRONES  
ON TOWARD ENGLAND... AND IS FINALLY  
SPOTTED BY THE ENEMY PLANES...!!

OH, SO... THERE IT IS... THOSE  
BLUNDERING BOMBERS COULDN'T  
DO THE JOB SO THEY HAVE TO  
ORDER UP MY CHECKER-TAIL  
SQUADRON

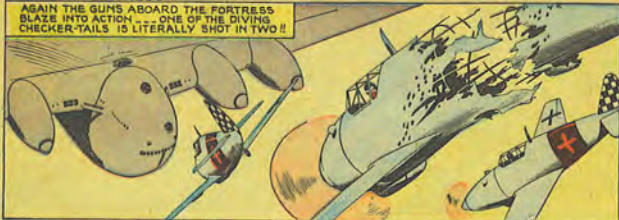
OUR MACHINE-GUNS ARE USELESS AGAINST  
THAT ARMORED HULL... JUST USE YOUR  
CANNONS, MEN,  
AND AIM AT THE GLASS  
TURRETS

--AND THE LEADER OF  
THE FAMOUS, DEADLY  
CHECKER-TAILS, NOSES  
DOWN TO ATTACK...!!



# FLYING FORTRESS

AGAIN THE GUNS ABOARD THE FORTRESS  
BLAZE INTO ACTION --- ONE OF THE DIVING  
CHECKER-TAILS IS LITERALLY SHOT IN TWO !!



ACH, SUCH A  
GIANT --- SO  
MANY GUNS!

BETTER GET BACK INSIDE,  
PRINCESS --- THOSE CHECKER-  
TAILED DEVILS ARE SHOOTING  
AT OUR GLASS PORTS !!



AS THE  
ENEMY  
LEADER  
ZOOMS  
OVER THE  
FLYING  
FORTRESS,  
HE REALIZES  
HIS FAMOUS  
CHECKER-  
TAILS  
ARE NO  
MATCH FOR  
THIS MONSTER

ACH !! --- MY MEN ARE BEING  
SHOT DOWN LIKE FLIES !! ---  
I DIDN'T KNOW ---



ONE OF THE CHECKER-TAILS  
FIRES HIS PROP CANNON SQUARE-  
LY INTO JIM'S COCKPIT, HOWEVER,  
AND HIS AIM IS GOOD ---



THE SHELL HITS THE COCKPIT COAMING,  
SENDING A SHOWER OF GLASS AND  
INSTRUMENTS BACK INTO JIM'S FACE !!



JIM! JIM!  
OH --- GOOD  
HEAVENS !! ---  
HE'S  
UNCONSCIOUS



# FLYING FORTRESS



I'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE WHEEL... THE COMMUNICATION PHONE IS WRECKED... WHY DOESN'T SOMEBODY GET IN HERE AND HELP ME!



MEANWHILE, AS THE ENEMY SQUADRON LEADER PULLS UP, A BURST OF LEAD RIPS HIS RUDDER TO SHREDS...



COMPLETELY OUT OF CONTROL, THE CHECKER-TAIL HOWLS INTO A DIVE AND CRASHES ON THE BROAD WING OF THE FLYING FORTRESS...

HEY, JIM!! I TRIED TO GET YOU ON THE PHONE...THEY'RE OUT OF ORDER AND---HEY---JIM!---PRINCESS, WHAT'S HAPPENED?



THANK HEAVENS, HARRY, TAKE THESE CONTROLS. I'LL LOOK AFTER JIM... A SHELL HIT THE COCKPIT EDGE



HE'S UNCONSCIOUS, POOR BOY! ---BUT I DON'T THINK HE'S VERY BADLY HURT, HARRY



JIM IS QUICKLY CARRIED OUT TO THE MEDICAL ROOM... LEAVING HARRY IN COMMAND

"POOR BOY" YET! HM.M.. SOME GUYS GET ALL THE BREAKS!!



THE BATTLE OVER, HARRY SENDS SOME MEN OUT TO CLEAR THE WRECKAGE OF THE CHECKER-TAIL OFF THE WING



# FLYING FORTRESS

TAKE IT EASY, BOYS...  
THIS PILOT AIN'T DEAD!  
--LOOKS LIKE HE'S  
THE CHECKER-TAIL'S  
LEADER--

WHEN JIM REGAINS CONSCIOUS-  
NESS, HE FINDS THE PRINCESS  
AT HIS BEDSIDE AND THE  
ENEMY FLIGHT LEADER NEAR-BY

YOU HAVE COMPANY IN  
THE NEXT COT,  
JIM... BARON VON  
HELTIG... HE'S NOT  
BAD OFF, THOUGH...

HOW'S THE PLANE DOING,  
PRINCESS?

IT HAS A FEW MORE  
HOLES IN IT, BUT WE'LL  
BE NEAR THE CHANNEL  
SOON... AND ENGLAND



AS THE FLYING FORTRESS  
ROARS OVER THE CHANNEL  
THE CREW DO NOT RELAX  
THEIR VIGILANCE FOR AN  
INSTANT

SUDDENLY A BRITISH SPITFIRE  
PULLS IN ALONGSIDE OF THE  
SKY GIANT



LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE AN  
ESCORT... RADIO THAT PLANE  
OUR IDENTITY OR WE'LL HAVE  
THE R.A.F. ON OUR NECKS TOO



# FLYING FORTRESS



GOSH, WHAT A GIANT !!  
I'M SURE GLAD IT'S  
FRIENDLY...I HOPE



I'M GONNA RADIO THAT GUY  
TO LEAD US TO HIS FIELD...IF  
HE TRUSTS US...I'LL TELL  
HIM WE  
HAVE THE  
PRINCESS  
ABOARD



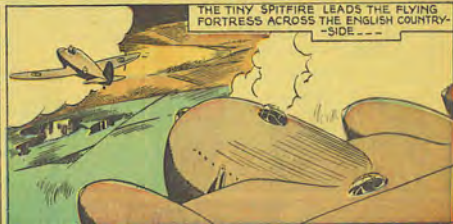
SO THEY HAVE THE  
PRINCESS HELEN, EH



THAT EXPLAINS WHY THE BOMBER  
WHICH WAS SENT TO GET HER, IS  
SO LONG  
OVERDUE



I'LL RADIO HOME THAT  
I'M BRINGING IN A  
FLYING BATTLESHIP



THE TINY SPITFIRE LEADS THE FLYING  
FORTRESS ACROSS THE ENGLISH COUNTRY-  
-SIDE ---



WELL, PRINCESS, WE'LL HAVE  
YOU DOWN SAFE AND SOUND  
IN A SHORT WHILE ---



AS LONG AS  
YOU BOYS  
ARE  
AROUND  
I'LL  
FEEL  
SAFE

TO BE CONTINUED



# Don Winslow



OF THE  
**NAVY**

by F.V. MARTINEK

STEAMING DOWN  
CHESAPEAKE BAY THE  
PALATIAL YACHT SOUTHERN  
BREEZE IS HEADING FOR  
CUBAN WATERS WHERE A  
FINAL SHOWDOWN WITH  
OWL-EYES SEEMS CERTAIN.

WINSLOW, CAN YOU  
LEAVE THE BRIDGE?  
YOU HAVEN'T MET SOME  
OF MY PARTY



Published by The Dell Co.,  
Garden City, N.Y. Trade Mark  
Reg. U.S. Pat. Office

MY SISTER,  
MRS. GILE, AND  
MY NEPHEW,  
ROSCOE GILE

SEE?  
I TOLD YOU  
HE WAS  
HANDSOME!



SAY! GET A LOAD OF  
THIS SOCIETY NOTE, OWL-EYES--  
EDWARD GATES' YACHT SAILS  
TODAY FOR CUBAN WATERS...  
AND JESSIE THORNDYKE'S  
IN THE PARTY!

YEAH?

AND IN THE  
MEANTIME,  
LYING LOW  
IN A SMALL  
BALTIMORE  
HOTEL--



CUBAN WATERS--OUR OWN  
LITTLE PLAYGROUND! WON'T IT BE  
TOO BAD IF SOME ACCIDENT HAPPENS  
TO THAT YACHT... IF IT SHOULD  
SINK WITH ALL HANDS!!



WANT A  
WORD WITH  
YOU, WINSLOW.



JUST A WARNING NOT  
TO FORGET YOUR PLACE  
ABOARD THIS SHIP. JUST  
BECAUSE JESSIE'S RATHER  
SOFT-HEARTED DON'T START  
GETTING FUNNY IDEAS, SEE?

WHAT?



REMEMBER--  
YOU'RE NOTHING  
BUT A HIRED  
HAND--



SNOBBISH,  
ILL-NATURED PUP!!  
HOW'D I KEEP FROM  
PASTING HIM?



# DON WINSLOW



# DON WINSLOW



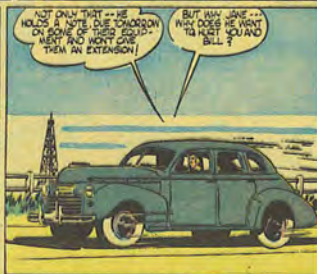
# DON WINSLOW





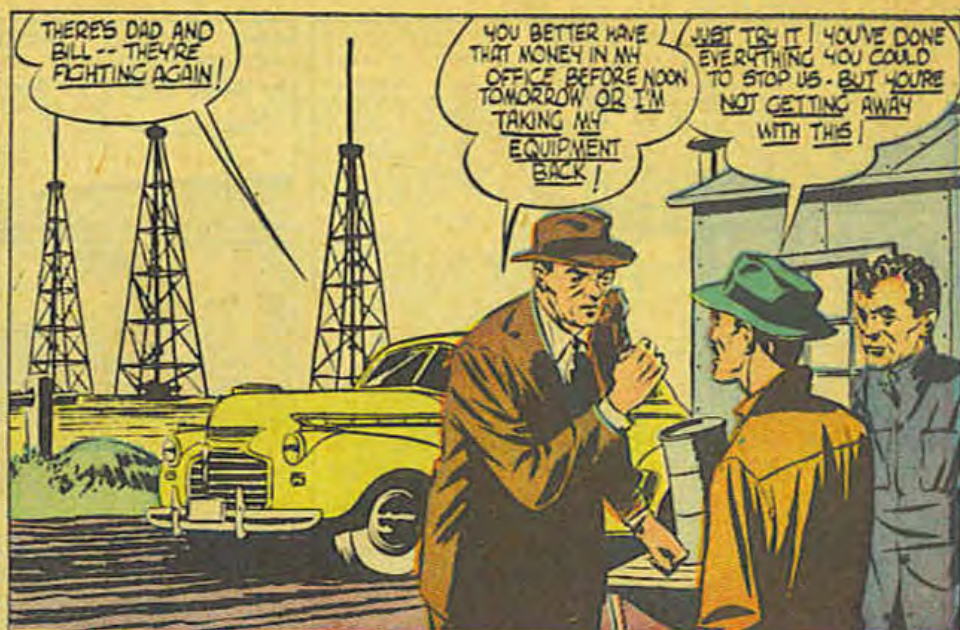
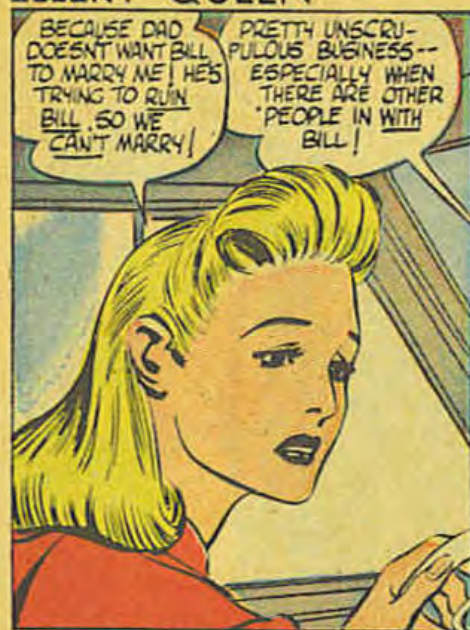
# ELLERY QUEEN

ELLERY QUEEN, WITH HIS SECRETARY, NIKKI PORTER, ARRIVE IN REEDTON WHERE THEY ARE TO VACATION WITH NIKKI'S CLOSE FRIEND, JANE LEROY.





# ELLERY QUEEN





# ELLERY QUEEN

ELLERY AND NIKKI CONCLUDE A SHORT BUT TENSE CONFERENCE WITH CALES LERON, JANE'S STEPFATHER ---



ELLERY CONTINUES THROUGH THE AFTERNOON, TEASING DOWN EVERY CONCEIVABLE PHASE OF THE TRANSACTION BETWEEN BILL STRONG, HIS FRIENDS AND CALES LERON... HE RETURNS TO THE HOTEL--AND NIKKI---



MEANWHILE, BILL AND JANE HAVE SPENT THE AFTER-NOON TRYING TO RAISE THE MONEY TO PAY OFF JANE'S STEPFATHER. THEIR ATTEMPTS PROVE FRUITLESS. LEROY HAS WARNED EVERY LEADING CITIZEN NOT TO LOAN BILL ANY MONEY!



WE ASKED EVERYONE--- NO ONE WILL LOAN YOU MONEY BECAUSE OF MY STEPFATHER--WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

I DON'T KNOW YET, EXACTLY-- BUT SOMETHING! AND TONIGHT!



BILL! DON'T DO ANYTHING WRONG. PROMISE ME, BILL, PROMISE!

YOU'LL HAVE TO TRUST ME, JANE--AND STICK BY ME--NO MATTER WHAT I DO!

THAT NIGHT, CALER LEROY SITS IN HIS OFFICE, PAGING OVER HIS CONTRACTS, PAPERS AND DEEDS--MUMBLING GLEEFULLY TO HIMSELF---



HEH, HEH, HEH--- BILL STRONG THOUGHT HE COULD OUTSMART ME. EH? I KNEW HE COULDN'T HITOL IN A MONTH--MADE SURE OF THAT--NOW--GOT ALL HIS MONEY--HIS FRIENDS' MONEY--BROKE UP WARSJACE WITH JANE--HEH, HEH--RUINED HIM!



YOU FIGURED EVERYTHING OUT PERFECT, LEROY---BUT YOU FORGOT ONE THING---

WHAT! WHO'S THAT? WHO--BILL STRONG I'LL BET!



IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE WHO IT IS--YOU KNOW WHAT I'M HERE FOR--HAND IT OVER!

-DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!



IN PLAIN ENGLISH, I WANT THE NOTE ON THE OIL DRILLING EQUIPMENT--WE'RE GOING TO CONSIDER IT PAID IN FULL AS OF NOW!

THIS IS ROBBERY, BILL STRONG--BUT I HAVE NO CHOICE--YOU'VE GOT A GUN ON ME--I'LL GET IT--IT'S IN THE LOCKED FILING CABINET OVER THERE--



OKAY---GET IT! BUT DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS--THE WAY I FEEL ABOUT YOU IT WOULD BE A PLEASURE TO PULL THE TRIGGER!

IF YOU DO, YOU'LL HAVE A MURDER RAP ON TOP OF ROBBERY--I'LL LAUGH AT YOU FROM MY GRAVE, BILL STRONG!



# ELLERY QUEEN

CALEB LERON OPENS THE FILING CABINET



## STOP!

AT THIS POINT ELLERY QUEEN HAS THE ONE CLUE IN HIS HAND WHICH SOLVES THE MYSTERY--IF YOU LOOK CLOSELY THROUGH THE STORY, YOU'LL TIE IT UP WITH THE KILLER----

ELLERY HAS BILL STRONG'S PARTNERS BROUGHT TO THE SCENE BEFORE HE PROCEEDS WITH HIS EXPLANATION.





# BOB AND BILL

## THE SCOUT TWINS

DRAWN BY ROBERT BRICE

BOB AND BILL, THE SCOUT TWINS, WERE EXPLORING A GREAT CAVE WHEN THEY WERE CAUGHT IN AN UNDER GROUND LANDSLIDE. THE SLIDE CARRIED THEM MANY MILES BELOW THE EARTH'S SURFACE, TO A STRANGE HOLLOW WORLD. AFTER MANY ADVENTURES WITH MIDGETS AND MEN OF GIANT SIZE THEY ARE HELPED BY A GOOD GIANT TO RETURN TO THEIR OWN UPPER WORLD.



# BOB AND BILL

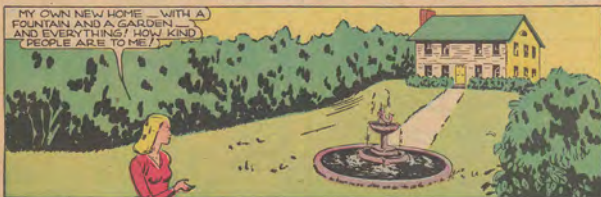




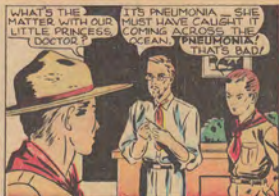
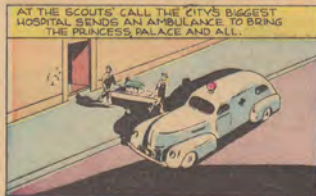
# BOB AND BILL



# BOB AND BILL



# BOB AND BILL



# BOB AND BILL





# BOB AND BILL

WITH THE GIANT HANGING BELOW, THE DIRIGIBLE STARTS ACROSS THE OCEAN. WHEN A SEVERE STORM OVER TAKES THEM, THE GIANT REALIZES HIS WEIGHT IS A HANDICAP TO THE DIRIGIBLE....



THE SHIP'S SINKING TOWARD THE OCEAN! IT WILL BE WRECKED IN THOSE WAVES!

THE DIRIGIBLE PLUNGES TOWARD THE WAVES.

WE'LL STRIKE THE WATER IN A MINUTE - SEND OUT AN S.O.S.

AYE-AYE, SR! BUT WE'LL SINK BEFORE A SHIP CAN REACH US!



WE'RE RISING LIKE A FEATHER!

THE GIANT! WE MUST HAVE LOST HIM!



BAD NEWS, BOYS! THE GIANTS LOST!

WE MUST HAVE LET GO SO AS TO SAVE THE SHIP!

HE'S A GOOD SWIMMER - MAYBE HE'LL GET THROUGH THE STORM!



WE'LL DRIFT AROUND NEAR THE COAST AND SEE IF THE GIANT SHOWS UP.

I CAN'T BELIEVE HE'S DEAD.



THERE HE IS... COMING ASHORE! HE WASN'T DROWNED!



HOURS LATER THE DIRIGIBLE NEARS THE AFRICAN SHORE

NO MORE FLYING FOR ME! I LIKE MY FEET ON SOLID GROUND!

AND I LIKE THIS BETTER THAN RIDING IN AN AIRSHIP.

WE OUGHT TO SIGHT THE TUNNEL BETWEEN THE WORLDS SOON.



TO BE CONTINUED

# CLYDE BEATTY

DRAWN BY  
**Jim CHAMBERS**

HEADING A SPECIAL HUNTING EXPEDITION FOR THE KLOW NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY, CLYDE BEATTY HEADS UP THE AMAZON RIVER OF BRAZIL WITH CAPTAIN CAL AT THE HELM OF THEIR RIVER STEAMER AND WIG-WONG HIS NUMBER ONE BOY IN CONSTANT ATTENDANCE.

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THE STEAMER RUNS A STRETCH OF TREACHEROUS RAPIDS

UP AHEAD IS CLEAR WATER, WIG-WONG -- WE'LL BE OUT OF THESE RAPIDS IN A MOMENT.

WE SCARED OF RAPIDS -- ALES BANE GLAD TO GET OUTEE...



THAT'S THE INLET I WANT TO DOCK IN FOR A FEW DAYS, CAPTAIN CAL -- WIG AND I ARE GOING TO TAKE A JAUNT INLAND TO PICK UP SOME INDIAN GUIDES!

FINE -- GIVE ME TIME TO OVERHAUL THE BOAT.



HEY! YOU LOOK LIKE YOU WERE GOING INTO THE PEDDLING BUSINESS, WIG-WONG!

YOU'VE GOT EVERYTHING ON YOUR BACK BUT ME!

ME TAKE YOU TOO -- YOU GET TIRED!

WHERE WE GO, MASTER?

A FEW MILES IN THERE IS AN INDIAN VILLAGE THE WITCH DOCTOR KNOWS THIS COUNTRY -- I WANT HIM TO SHOW US ANIMALS NO WHITE MAN HAS EVER SEEN.



WHAT!!

WOOO!!





# CLYDE BEATTY







SUDDENLY A LOW GROWL STARTLES THE WILD INDIANS... THEY TURN TO SEE A PANTHER HUNGRILY WATCHING THEM... ITS JOWLS DRIPPING...





# CLYDE BEATTY

THE AYE MUGGES IT'S MARK - THE PANTHER'S BRANN - BUT BERT'S DEEP IN HIS SHOULDER ---

GOOD WORK, WIG WONG!

WATCHEE/SELF, MASTER!



STUNNED BY THE PAIN IN HIS SHOULDER, THE PANTHER ROLLS OFF CLYDE TRYING TO FREE THE WEAPON ---

THREE OR FOUR FLICKS OF THE WHIP AND WE'LL HAVE HIM TIED SO HE CAN'T MOVE!



--AND THAT FINISHES MR. PANTHER IN THE BEST ANIMAL TRAINING TRADITION!



MASTER HURD PUTTEE HIM TO BED QUICKER,

WILL THE GREAT AND MIGHTY WITCH DOCTOR TAKE HONOR OF KILLING PANTHER?



WE GRATEFUL TO GREAT MAN OF WHIP --- I ACCEPT HONOR OF KILL!

PANTHER TAKE YOU PLACE AS SACRIFICE TO LIVING TRIBE GOD!



YOU GREAT FRIEND MY PEOPLE DO ANYTHING FOR YOU.



I AM LOOKING FOR RARE ANIMALS OF JUNGLE -- YOU LEAD ME TO THEM?

YES, AND HELP CATCH TOO / OTHER WHITE MAN SAY SAME THING TWO DAYS AGO -- HE WANT ME KILL YOU -- NOW WE KILL HIM.



SO - BERT BLAY PLANNED THIS PARTY / IF HE WEREN'T A COWARD HE'D COME OUT IN THE OPEN AND FIGHT!

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

# GABBY SCOOPS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.  
by BILL TREADWELL

drawn by BILL CONNOR



GABBY SCOOPS IS OFF TO COVER A SPORTS STORY... ALL THE PAPERS HAVE BEEN RAVING ABOUT 'GARGOA' NEW WRESTLING CHAMP GABBY FIGURES THERE MUST BE AN INSIDE STORY.... NO MAN CAN BE THIS POWERFUL!! OTTO JOINS GABBY IN HIS SEARCH FOR A SCOOP!



MY FRIEND, 'DUKE' BOIL MANAGES THIS GIANT, GARGOA... YOU DID SOME MAT WORK YOURSELF DIDNT YOU OTTO?



WHAT'S THIS? LOOKS LIKE A STORM UP-ROOTED A TREE

HE PUTS DA HAND UP VE SHOULD STOP GABBY!



I LIFF DA TREE OUTA DA ROAD WATCHIT

LOOK AT THIS..I JUST SAW GARGOA RIP THIS TREE OUT OF THE EARTH WHILE HE WAS DOING HIS ROADWORK



EVER SINCE GARGOA HAS BEEN TRAINING IN THIS TOWN ONE THING HAPPENS AFTER THE OTHER... YESTERDAY HE LIFTED THE ROOF OFF OF DOCS DRUGSTORE



I STILL DONT THINK GARGOA IS AS STRONG AS THEY SAY

I CANT WAIT TILL I SEE DIS BOY!



VAT'S DIS HEPPENIN'



THIS IS NUTHIN NEW TO US STRANGER... HE'S THE ONLY GUY WHO COULD TALK BACK TO MY MOTHER-IN-LAW... THAT'S GARGOA IN THERE

WE MUST SEE HIM SOMETIME



# GABBY SCOOPS

BACK IN GABBYS HOTEL

I HEAR THERE'S A BIG PRIZE OFFERED TO THE HUMAN WHO CAN CONQUER THIS POWERHOUSE

DON'T LET DIS GARGOA FOOL US... A LITTLE REST I BE IN DA SHAPE..

DE OL' MUSKELS STILL FLEXIN.. MAYBE YOU MATCH ME

RING

HELLO, DUKE.. YEAH JUST GOT IN TOWN SURE...WE'LL BE RIGHT DOWN TO SEE YOUR BOY TRAIN

AND SO THEY VISIT THE GYM

YOU TALK I KEPT STILL

O.K., OTTO. DON'T BE TOO ANXIOUS

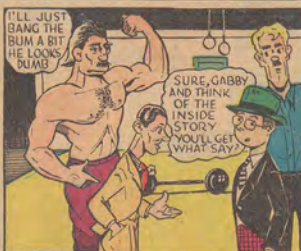
GLAD TO SEE YA, SCOOPS...THIS BOY IS REALLY THE TALK OF THE WHOLE COUNTRY...C'MON IN AND SEE HIM

I FOUND HIM IN THE CALIFORNIA HILLS.. NO ONE WANTS TO FIGHT HIM

HERE HE IS, GENTS THE GREAT GARGOA THE FIERCEST ONE-MAN SHOW IN THE WORLD

OH, H. H. H.

# GABBY SCOOPS



# GABBY SCOOPS



**U.S.A. CAN BEAT HITLER!**

**U.S.A.**

*is ready!*

10¢



THE ONLY  
BOOK OF ITS  
KIND!  
NOW ON SALE

**10¢**

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